## OLD MRS. STENTON'S FILTH AND DECEIT PUZZLE THE POLICE

Well Born and Educated, Mystery of Her Life Is Unexplained.

LOST HOARD IN HOUSE.

Setting of Crime a Strange One That Would Have Delighted Poe.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

It needs an Edgar Alian Poe to write the story of the Kinnan murder. It is the sort of story that Poe could have done justice to—this story of a woman's murder that is packed as full of curdled mystery as the skin of a pawpaw is packed with pulp.

Not one of the elements that fictionmiths love to weave into penny-dread-ful tales is lacking. The stage settings with its barred windows, its secret closet and its store of treasure and flith, marooned in an island of weeds in the Farther Bronx; the two lone women living their lives there in a strange isolation; the striking down of the daughter on the sagging porch; the maze of stupid, blind clues that died of their own stupidity and blindness; and finally the personality of the survivor of the amazing pair of hermits, the old mother, one minute a doddering, sentle orone and the next a flaming, snapping virago, all fire and vigor—and venom.

Every veteran reporter has dreamed of the murder case that would some day come when every accessory and the sombre theme. In this murder he has found it. The whole thing is crammed with the very essence of weirdness. In the country the old house where the crime occurred would long ago have been a "haunted house. In New York it was merely a picturesque untidy relic in a neighborhood that has grown up overnight. If the that went on in the old place at night. when men slipped in and out and lights burned in the upper windows at unhours, they minded their own

little affleck in a big lot, where Wash-Eighty-ninth street. No other houses are and many of her sleeping hours, dot Pelham when it was in the couna new set of false teer.

Next door to this is a tall tenement with a brave show of geranium pots in the front windows and a maze of clothes lines at the rear, boldly flaunt- house, about the grounds, are the ing the limp, damp secrets of many abounding evidences of years of squalfamily wardrobes. A short block away or. Benind the house is a vast junk the Third avenue elevated structure neap of broken tools, rusting wire, curves in close, and at intervals a train scattered scrap iron, mouldy planks goes loping by, cutting an impious gash and tim cans. One of the women must

of roofing tin, which are now falling of the fence about the ruins of a hen never been swept. with the fence down a man standing

At present the mansion proper is locked and barred. It is deserted save basement and the policeman who sits all day on the front porch, occasion-

of awe-stricken little boys who slip in through the weeds from the street. The only noises are the shricks of a caged blackbird belonging to the base

chickens busy in the rubbish piles.
On the porch is a very old, very decrepit mahogany chair with the springs bursting from its faded cushion

## An Independent Man!



This man believed in being his own boss. It cost him but a few dollars to start a business enterprise. This goes there is a WAY, be the "way" ever so

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A sealed letter, found in the Stenton due to Mrs. Kinnan, was opened by Capt, Price last night. It contained a threat to kill her. The identity of the writer of the letter is known.

A sealed letter, found in the Stenton called as the first witness at the in-quest Mrs. Katherine Glah, of Philadelphia. She is visiting one of her children, who lives in Lorillard place. On the night of the murder Mrs. Glah, accompanied by a little girl, was salaried man to make it possible for almost any salaried man to provide the manufacture of the letter is dephia. She is visiting one of her children, who lives in Lorillard place. On the night of the murder Mrs. Glah, accompanied by a little girl, was opened by the children of the might of the murder Mrs. Glah, accompanied by a little girl, was opened by the children of the might of the murder Mrs. Glah, accompanied by a little girl, was opened by the children of the murder Mrs. She is visiting one of her children, who lives in Lorillard place. On the night of the murder Mrs. Glah, accompanied by a little girl, was opened by the children of the murder Mrs. She is visiting one of her children, who lives in Lorillard place. On the night of the murder Mrs. She is visiting one of her children, who lives in Lorillard place. On the night of the murder Mrs. She is visiting one of her children, who lives in Lorillard place. On the night of the murder Mrs. She is visiting one of her children, who lives in Lorillard place. salaried man to

Acquire and Profit By!

MRS. STENTON, HER SQUALID HOME AND STRANGE LIFE.



Fine Paintings In Parlor,

ping root and splashes of the antient is ping agers, the bankbooks and the slungs agers, the bankbooks and the slungs side with soap-box chromos. The painting agers, the bankbooks and the slungs also agers and speed and agers agers ago.

In the particular test and a spreading horse chest the other the slungs and there is the cating agers, the slungs and the slungs and there is the cating agers, the slunds the slungs and the slungs and there is the cating agers, the slunds the slungs and the

The beds where the two women slept the old woman. She is virtually a pris-looked as if they had not been made in oner, for policemen are constantly near. She Couldn't Be Badgered. years. Vermin coursed in steeple- her, The Millers have given her a fresh It was such barbed glances as these over the breastbone, and there is a the story hases over the dingy blankets. Huge called wrapper to replace the filthy that she shot at Acting Captain Price bow in her back, but Coroner Schwanold-fashioned mahogany and rosewood gown she had on when the detectives dressers elbowed two-dollar iron bed-dressers elbo

billy lot there remain only a few snaggled pickets, pieced out with sheets of the snaggled pickets, pieced out with snaggled pickets. Pittsburg clean with a few scrubbings. ed, wasting brain. At the rear one runs into the side of But here comes a strange thing. In The stubborn grime of multiplying years Next to the eyes, shrouded in their

the secret closet where the detectives the musty dusty "parlor" hing a dozen found the chest of silver, the spring- or more really fine oil-paintings side by dame's skin. In the heavy folds of the leavy wrinkled flesh under her chin it is in- acter of this strange old woman. The

have had a mania for tin cans. The sloping ground back of where the

Among the witnesses who were pres- passing the Stenton house on Washing- on that night." ent at the inquest, under arrest or on ton avenue, when she heard three subpoena, to be called during the hear- screams. She locked up and saw a "No, I was use home."

site the Stenton home, her son Matthew, Henry Fox, William Coogan, Jacob CarThe little girl began to cry and Mrs.

with whom you were on that night?"

and report how we like it, he thinks
"I am not doing favors for the newsit will help you." I read all it said (Continued from First Page.)

Henry Fox, William Coogan, Jacob Carpenter and Hattle Williams, the last a colored woman, who lives on the Stenshe told Andre, Davin, Alken, Keeling ton property, near the house. Michael who passed volunteered the information property, near the house. Michael who passed volunteered the information property, near the house. Michael who passed volunteered the information property. she told Andre, Devlin, Alken, Keeling and several reporters right after the tragedy that Mrs. Kinnan had not mentioned the name of any one. Time after time she reiterated that all Mrs. Kinnan said was: "He hit me."

Mrs. Schippo sprang her revised story yesterday afternoon. She was away from her home in the Bronx for several hours. Upon her return she told Policeman Manning, on guard at the old sulface have had Jealings with the Stenton home, that Mrs. Kinnan, in her dying breath, had accused a lawyer of striking her down.

Cant Pice says he takes no stock in Cant Pice says he take and bene murder? "Wre pout at the Stenton home on the in thouse. In One Hundred and Eighty-ninth street, she say a defect No

"Were por to pro home?"

Scene of the Murder a Quaint Colonial Bronx Mansion.

SECRETS ON ALL SIDES.

Secret Chamber Stored with Loot One of the Odd Features of Case.

narks of her fingers stayed on his arm

Small Hands and Feet. Her hair is fron gray with faint treaks of brown showing over her temples. The color of the hair has lightened several shades since the ained nurse who now cares for her washed the unkempt tangles and ombed them into some sort of order. Her head hadn't known the touch of a comb for months before that. The id mansion are small and shapely The small nails have little mourning porders of in-ground dirt about their bases. When she is in a mood to be animated Mrs. Stenton has a way of clinching her right fist and bringing it wn smartly into the palm of her left. Her feet are small, too, inside the lumsy carpet slippers-too small for a oman of her bulk, which may accoun n part for her uncertain gait in walkng, although she can be spry enough

At the Millers's, as at the tumblelown manse from which she has been ispossessed, she spends most of her ime huddled into the depths of ar misy chair. She has a way of sinking her head between her shoulders and eemingly shrinking away inside of herself that is uncanny. It hypnotizes ou-you catch yourself wondering here she has gone.

Her voice may have been pleasant nce. It is still pitched on the well voice, but with age a shrillness has rept into it, and the old woman mouths er words with her gums so that at imes it isn't very easy to understand that she says.

She has never yet shown the least oncern at the horrible death of her aughter. Ask her about it, and she hrinks up that way she has and shute er eyes and says wearily:

"I'm a poor, sick old woman and ou've tired me. I can't talk any more." you of a fat little old spider. It isn't pretty comparison to apply to a roman, and an old woman at that, but

's the one that fits. Her Age Will Disappear.

Sympathize with her, tell her it is a hame that the police have so beset he clenched right hand in the left and she is agreeing with you and saying al

you have said is very true. The big, gray eyes light up.
There is no sign of a senile mind now. She is no longer the paisied, slack-witted old creature who "can't remember" when the police put to her any pointed personal question about some vital phase of the murder. The real woman peeps from behind the mask.

Poe would surely have loved to study out this Mrs. Stenton. Of all the dozen unanswered puzzles of her daughter's murder she's, the biggest. Born of an aristocratic New England family, educated, refined, wealthy, a verse writer of wit and ability and a judge of art, for half of her life and for the other

powerful woman physically. The shoul-ders are stooped now, folding inward was much discussion, but let her tell

steads. In the pantry cans of tomatoes of the foul old bat-cave that she called methods of the third degree to draw had been hoarded until the tomatoes a home. There are new carpet slippers from her some admission upon which clear around the other day when he physically or mentally to perform fermented, exploding the cans and instead of broken shoes upon her feet, he might hang a new theory or build barred her way into her house. The my duties and was constantly under the care of our physician. I had tried emedies recommended by friends

KINNAN CASE "Will you give the names of the people" The grocer wants us to try this fool

hours. Upon her return she told Poleeman Manning, on guard at twee discussions, and the serious manning in the distinct of the finding William K. Aston, the discussion of the steady in the property of striking her down.

Capt. Price says, the believes that sine womans well for telling it. Burnd, of No. 53 Bafford street, Brook and the street, of the womans well for telling it. Burnd, of No. 54 Bafford street, Brook and the street size words and Mrs. Kinned, and the street street is the same advised by the company of the street is the same advised by the company of the street is the same advised by the company of the street is the street in the street is the same advised by the company of the street is the street is the street in the street is the street is the street is the street in the street in the street is the street in the street in the street in the street is the street in the s

"I believe." he remarked, after notifying Coroner McDonald, "that the murderer will be in prison by to-night."

a reason."

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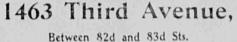
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